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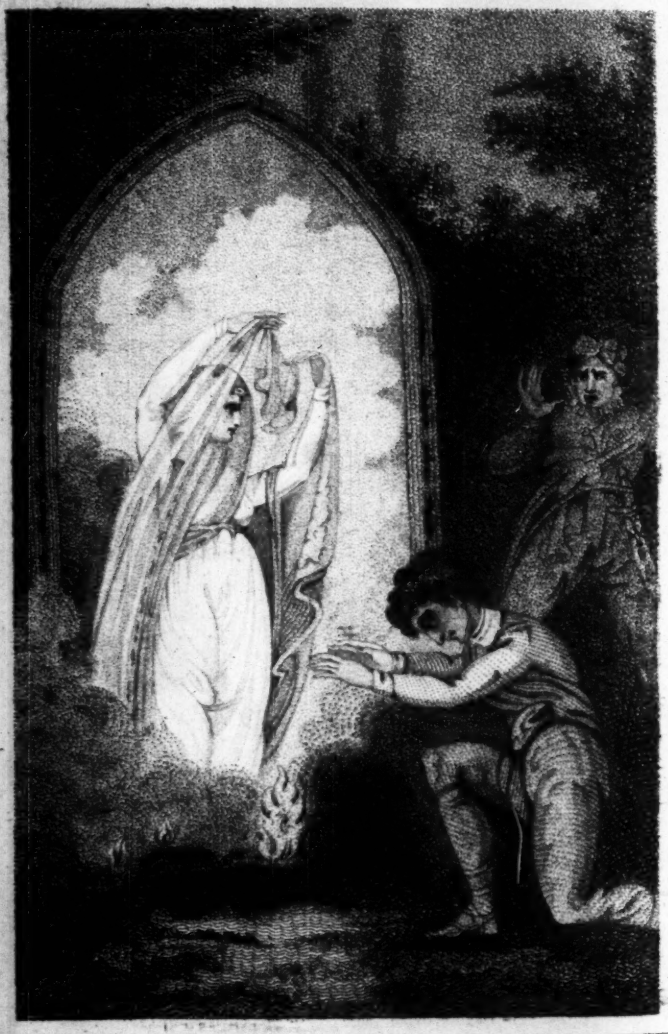

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The Spectre of the murdered Ravia appearing before Cazem & Simoustapha Page 20.

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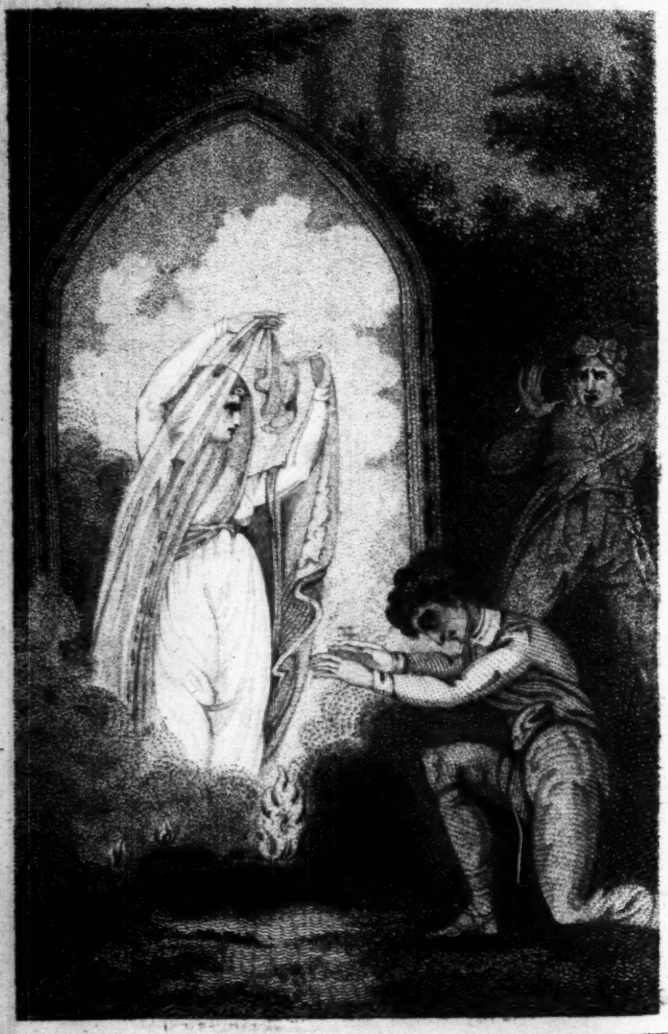

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THE

BLACK CASTLE;

OR THE

Spectre of the Foreſt,

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

By C. F. BARRETT.

FOUNDED ON THE SPECTACLE OF THAT NAME,
Performed at the
AMPHI-THEATRE OF ARTS,
with unbounded Applauſe, for
NEARLY ONE HUNDRED NIGHTS.

To which is added

TRACEY CASTLE;

OR THE

Parricide Puniſhed,

A

GOTHIC STORY.

Led by Ambition and revengeful Ire,
The Parricide deſtroys his aged Sire;
And to his blooming Honours dares aſpire.

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Price Sixpence.

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THE

Spectre of the Foreſt,

A ROMANCE.

THE ſun had juſt ſunk in the oozy bed of the weſtern ocean, and his departing rays ſtill quivered on the diſtant mountains, when a ſolemn train of peaſants entered the ſhady receſſes of the foreſt of *Agmant*, (ſituated on the borders of the kingdom of *Fez*) chaunting (according to their cuſtom every evening) a *requiem* to the memory of the murdered *Ravia*, to whom theſe honeſt ruſtics had raiſed a tomb in the centre of the foreſt. Thrice they paraded round the hallowed ſpot, ſtrewing the ground with flowers, ſcattered by the hands of the faireſt maidens in the village; while *Echo*, as impatient to ſhare in their grief, repeated in mournful accents the name of *Ravia*.

But, hark! the ſhrill trumpet interrupts their ſorrow, and proclaims the arrival of *Aſphar*—*Aſphar* the terror of his vaſſals, hated by his neighbours, and the abhorrence of himſelf; lord of the Black Caſtle, whoſe lofty towers and battlements ranged themſelves along the heights of a craggy mountain, whoſe gloomy head reared in majeſtic grandeur above the loftieſt trees in the foreſt. The whole of the Caſtle was built of black marble; from whence it derived its name; and which, together with its gothic greatneſs, rendered the *tout enſemble* an object at once ſolemn and ſublime.

A group of black eunuchs (the tinkling of whoſe cymbals re-echoed through the foreſt) opened the proceſſion of the tyrannic Moor, who was carried in a palanquin borne by four ſlaves, while an equal number ſupported a canopy decorated in the true ſtyle of eaſtern elegance. Innumerable trophies, won from the vanquiſhed enemy, glittered in his train; he alights from his palanquin, and points with a ſavage pleaſure at the trophies torn by treachery from the *Turkiſh* army; but reſtleſſneſs being never inſeparable from the

guilty mind, he inſtantly loſes the ſweet ſenſation; and, overcaſt with deſpair, orders all to diſperſe, excepting his favorite *Cornu*. He was obeyed, but not with that alacrity and pleaſure which marks the obeyſance of thoſe who are governed by a prince who treats his ſubjects as his children.

"*Cornu!*" (cried *Aſphar* ſternly, as ſoon as they were alone) "will the death of *Ravia* never be eraſed from the memory of theſe reptiles? Diſtraction" (added he, turning toward the tomb, and reading the inſcription) "*The murdered Ravia!* and dare they then accuſe me of her murder?"—"No one accuſes you, my lord" (replied *Cornu*); "they ſtyle her murdered, but ſay not by whom; that ſtill remains a ſecret."

On this aſſurance, *Aſphar* became more calm; but reſolving to remove the words that filled his ſoul with horror, he ſent *Cornu* to procure ſome inſtrument wherewith they might eraſe that part of the inſcription which recorded a crime he trembled to think of. This done, he walked to and fro in the greateſt agitation; then turning to the tomb again, amazement ſeized him at beholding the inſcription now appearing in letters of blood; he ſtarted back with horror, exclaiming at the ſame time, in a frantic tone, "*Ravia!* oh pardon, *Ravia!* thy cruel murderer!" Juſt as he uttered theſe words, he ſaw *Cornu* returning with the wiſhed-for tools; and he endeavoured to conceal the inſcription with an handkerchief which he drew from his pocket; immediately the blood flew from the monument, and left on the handkerchief a crimſon ſtain that no mortal hand could ever efface. Upon which, overwhelmed with horror, the remorſeleſs *Aſphar* dropt the token of his guilt as *Cornu* entered; when the latter, perceiving his agitation, flew to his maſter, and at the ſame time as he endeavoured to ſooth him, cautiouſly inquired into the cauſe of his emotion.

Aſphar, unable to ſpeak, pointed firſt to the tomb, and then to the handkerchief, in ſuch a manner, that *Cornu* inſtantly conceived it to proceed from the latter object; and therefore immediately picked up the handkerchief, and conveyed it into his boſom; which done, he with

difficulty removed the appalled *Aſphar* from a ſcene that every moment plunged freſh daggers into his guilty boſom. While this myſterious buſineſs was paſſing in the foreſt, the arrival of *Aſphar*'s ſoldiers at the caſtle flung its inhabitants into the utmoſt conſternation; an event having taken place during the abſence of their tyrannic lord, that made them look toward the moment of his arrival with the moſt poignant dread of a ſevere and condign puniſhment, on account of their having ſuffered the fair *Lamora* to eſcape from their cuſtody (in which ſhe was left by the laſcivious *Moor*, previous to his departure for the *Turkiſh* frontiers), together with the infant ſon of the murdered *Ravia*. 'Tis true they were ſoon relieved from the latter cauſe of their fear by the arrival of their comrades with the infant fugitive. A momentary gleam of joy illumined the faces of *Aſphar*'s domeſtics, when they beheld their little captive re-enter the caſtle-gate; but it was ſoon damped when, upon inquiry, they learnt, that all their ſearch for *Lamora* had proved in vain.

"Ah! my fellow vaſſals," exclaimed the ſable *Morad*, "when this news ſhall reach the ears of our cruel maſter, nothing leſs than death will be the conſequence of our negligence: for next to the murdered *Ravia*, no one ever ranked ſo high in the eſteem of *Aſphar* as the abſent *Lamora*; and had he not made a vow of celibacy, 'tis not impoſſible but ſhe might have ſhared with him theſe vaſt domains."—"True," replied another domeſtic, "but torn as ſhe was from her habitation during the abſence of a beloved brother, 'tis not to be wondered at that ſhe ſhould treat his aſſiduities with ſcorn, and embrace the firſt opportunity to eſcape from the clutches of one ſhe muſt ever look upon with abhorrence."—"And indeed," added the third, "were it not for the ſituation her flight has brought us to, I ſhould not be ſorry; for ſhe would certainly (had ſhe remained in our cuſtody, and proved deaf to his entreaties) have ſhared the fate of the poor lady *Ravia*." He was juſt going to relate the ſtory of that unfortunate perſon, when the bugle-horn, which hung pendant at the gate, announced the arrival of the lord

of the *Black Caſtle*. They grew pale at the ſound, and fled to range themſelves in the gothic hall of this gloomy manſion (as was a cuſtom in thoſe times), in order to welcome the return of their maſter from the war.

This they had ſcarcely done, when *Aſphar* entered, ſupported by his vile aſſociate the ſubtle *Cornu*. Deſpair and horror were depicted in his face; and the wild motion of his eyes declared but too plainly to thoſe who beheld him, the ſtrong pangs which a wounded conſcience inflicted on his guilty ſoul; and thus, regardleſs of all around him, he paſſed through the proſtrate ranks of his vaſſals to his chamber, fondly hoping to bury in ſleep thoſe thoughts which waking tortured his diſtracted brain; but ſleep, that gentle ſoother of each mortal's care, is not to be lured by the magnificence and ſplendour of a guilty prince; ah no! 'tis only where virtue and content take up their abode, that the ſomnific god delights to beſtow his bleſſings. Dreams, the faithful portraits of his former actions, diſturbed his ſlumber; and the ſword of juſtice ſeemed as if it threatened to puniſh him for his paſt enormities.

The ponderous bell groaned out the myſtic hour of twelve; and the ſolemn ſound, re-echoing through the caſtle, waked the tortured *Moor* from his perturbed ſlumber, when that fear, which is ever the companion of the guilty mind, inſtantly magnified it into the dreadful time of retribution. He ſtarted up, ſeized his ſword, and traverſed the chamber in the greateſt agitation. At this moment *Cornu* and *Moroc* entered, and with ſome heſitation approached him; when, on hearing the ſound of their footſteps, he ſtarted; and, without turning to ſee who they were, immediately made a lounge at them with his ſword. His two aſſociates fell affrighted at his feet, and remained in that poſture 'till he, having recovered from his panic, demanded ſternly the reaſon of their intruſion. Upon which *Moroc*, in a confuſed manner, informed him of the flight of *Lamora*, and the ſon of *Ravia*. He became frantic at the intelligence; and again drawing his ſword, inquired in a fierce manner if any ſearch had been made after the fugitive. *Moroc*, trembling as he

ſpoke, informed him that the child had been recovered, but that all their ſearch after *Lamora* had been in vain.

Aſphar, upon this declaration, with rage ſparkling in his eyes, commanded them to leave his preſence, and never to return, unleſs they found the abſent fugitive; upon which the two confidants left him in the greateſt deſpair, and he retired again to his couch, where he gave himſelf up to the contending paſſions of his ſoul.

In the mean time, *Lamora*, whom we have mentioned as the cauſe of all the confuſion in the caſtle, after travelling many tedious miles, rendered ſtill more dreadful by her fear of being purſued and retaken, arrived at the mouth of a ſpacious cavern; where, putting her truſt in that divine providence which alike protects the beggar and the prince, ſhe laid down her weary limbs, and ſlept with that ſerenity which ever attends the ſlumber of the innocent, nor waked until *Alam*, a youthful peaſant, who had called forth his love from an adjacent cottage, was repairing to the cave (their uſual place of aſſignation). The ſound of their footſteps diſturbed her repoſe. She ſtarted up; and on ſeeing two ſtrangers ſo near her, drew forth a dagger (which ſhe had concealed under her diſguiſe), and preſented herſelf before them in a threatening attitude. The affrighted peaſants fell at her feet, imploring her mercy, and aſſuring her at the ſame time that ſhe need not fear any danger from them. Emboldened by this aſſurance, ſhe opened her diſguiſe, and diſcovered her rank to them by the richneſs of her dreſs; at the ſame time requeſting them to give her ſhelter. To this the peaſants readily aſſented, and *Alam* and *Serina* led her between them into the cottage of *Haly*, the father of the latter.

On their entrance, ſhe was received by the good old man with the greateſt hoſpitality, who aſſured her, that his cottage and table were always at the ſervice of the diſtreſſed; while the amiable *Serina*, willing to give a demonſtrative proof of her father's aſſertion, ſet before their gueſt the beſt proviſion their humble cottage afforded; whoſe appetite being rather keen, thought it not inferior to the delicacies of a palace.

After their ruſtic repaſt was over, the old man in a tender manner hinted his wiſh to know the adventures of his fair gueſt; who, with an affable ſmile that ever diſtinguiſhes the truly great, after a deep ſigh, began her melancholy ſtory as follows:—

THE HISTORY OF LAMORA.

"My father was an officer of ſome rank in the army of the moſt mighty and renowned *Abdallah Mohammed*, the father of our preſent ſultan; and after having diſtinguiſhed himſelf in a former war againſt the *Moors*, became not only a favourite of the ſultan's, but of his prime vizir *Ibrahim*, a man equally beloved and admired by the *Turkiſh* nation for his wiſdom and virtue. At the palace of the latter, my father was always a welcome gueſt. It was there he firſt ſaw my mother, who was the only daughter of the vizir. Her perſon was about the middle ſize, and her complexion by far the faireſt he had ever ſeen, while her eyes vied for blackneſs with the plumes of the raven; and her manners, like her countenance, were extremely engaging. In ſhort, her *tout-enſemble* raiſed an emotion in the breaſt of my father to which he had hitherto been an entire ſtranger; and many ſleepleſs nights were the conſequence of a paſſion which he could not help ſtyling imprudent, when he reflected on the diſparity of rank between him and the charming *Abenaide* (for that was her name). Often did he wiſh for the moment when, finding her alone, he might pour out the effuſions of his ſoul; and as often did he check his preſumptuous hopes, by remarking that neither his rank nor his perſon could entitle him to the ſupreme felicity of being beloved by a perſon ſo much above him in every reſpect.

"Fortune however at length threw the charming *Abenaide* into his way. Buſineſs of the greateſt importance having obliged the vizir to attend at court, he left my father (whom he always looked on as his ſon) to amuſe his daughter in his abſence. The lovers (for I ſhould have informed you that the fair *Abenaide* was no leſs ſmitten then *Anadim* my father was), though they had impatiently longed for an opportunity of this

kind, remained totally ſilent, not daring to raiſe their eyes toward each other, while their hearts beat high within their breaſts. My father at length put an end to this painful ſuſpenſe, by throwing himſelf on his knees before the lovely object of his affections; and taking hold of a hand that might vie with the fineſt ivory for whiteneſs, preſſed it to his lips; and imprinting on it a burning kiſs, in a tremulous accent ventured to make a declaration of his love. *Abenaide* heard him with complacency, and turned her head away to conceal the confuſion his declaration had cauſed, although it was what ſhe had ardently wiſhed for. My father imputing this to a diſapprobation of his ſuit, and overcome with his emotions, ſunk lifeleſs at her feet. The noiſe (though trifling) which he made in falling, rouſed my mother from her reverie. She turned her head; and on ſeeing his ſituation, gave a faint ſhriek, and fell ſenſeleſs on the ground by him. My mother was the firſt who recovered. She looked round her with a wild recollection of what had paſt; and at length perceiving her *Anadim* to remain in the ſame ſituation, concluding him dead, ſhe gave vent to the moſt tender expreſſions of her ſorrow. However, the ſound of her voice ſoon waked *Anadim* from his ſwoon. He opened his fine eyes, and fixed them languiſhly upon my mother, who gave a ſcream of joy; and, forgetful of that decorum which a virgin ſhould obſerve, threw herſelf into the arms of her beloved *Anadim*; and as ſoon as their firſt emotions were over, they mutually interchanged the moſt ſolemn vows of fidelity; and then, to ratify the ſame, ardently embraced each other. At this moment *Ibrahim*, who had juſt returned from the council, entered the ſaloon. He ſtarted; rage ſparkled in his eyes; and throwing an indignant frown on the affrighted lovers, he would have left the ſaloon immediately, had he not been prevented by their throwing themſelves before him. The dread with which his ſudden appearance had filled them, deprived them of utterance; and unable to ſpeak, kiſſing the hem of his garment, they raiſed their eyes to him in the moſt ſuppliant manner.

"He paused—his boſom was torn with the contending paſſions of pride and anger on one hand, and paternal tenderneſs on the other. The latter at length prevailed; and having raiſed them from the ground, he preſſed them affectionately to his boſom; and completed their happineſs, by giving his conſent to their union, which took place in a few days after. Continual happineſs now reigned in the palace of *Ibrahim* for ſeveral years, as the ſole ſtudy of my grandfather and his children was to render every thing as agreeable to each other as it was poſſible for people to do, who had only to expreſs a wiſh and be in the immediate poſſeſſion of it. This was ſtill augmented by the birth of myſelf and my brother, who were uſhered into this troubleſome and uncertain life within a few hours of each other. As nothing particular occurred in the annals of our family during our minority, I ſhall paſs over that period in ſilence, and inform you that my brother and myſelf had attained our twentieth year, when the lord of theſe domains, having invaded a diſtant part of the *Turkiſh* frontiers, my father and brother (the former having bought a commiſſion for his ſon when he was about ſixteen) ſet off to join the army, leaving me under the protection of my mother and the good old vizir my grandfather; but of my latter guardian I was ſoon after deprived by the cruel hand of death; and though it was an event that we daily expected to take place (as *Ibrahim* was turned of ninety), it was ſome time before we could get the better of the grief occaſioned by his loſs. Soon after this a truce took place for a few months between the two armies, which gave my brother an opportunity of paying us a viſit; but, to our aſtoniſhment, he came unaccompanied by my father; which my mother no ſooner perceived, than ſhe turned pale, and in a diſtracted manner demanded the reaſon of his abſence.

"My brother *Simouſtapha*, looking firſt at her and then at me, burſt into a flood of tears; and pulling out his handkerchief, in order to conceal his emotion, a letter fell from his pocket. It was directed to my mother. She caſt her eye on it as it lay, and immediately knew

the hand. She ſeized it, and trembling with fear, broke it open; when having read a few lines, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs on the floor. My brother and I fled to her aſſiſtance, and with great difficulty reſtored our afflicted parent to her ſenſes; but, alas! it was of no long continuance, as one fit followed another until the moment of her death, which took place within three days after ſhe had read the fatal letter which my father had wrote in his laſt moments; having been mortally wounded in an action the day previous to the truce taking place.

"Left thus forlorn, our only conſolation was in ſharing the grief with which this new and heavy loſs had overwhelmed us. Having paid the laſt duties to our dear and lamented parent, *Simouſtapha* ſold off all our effects, and removed with me to a ſmall houſe about three leagues from this foreſt, where we were ſcarcely ſettled, when about noon of one of the moſt tempeſtuous days we had ever witneſſed, we were alarmed by a violent knocking at the door of our little manſion. My brother opened it, and courteouſly invited the ſtrangers to enter, which they immediately did. Alas! from this moment all happineſs fled from the boſom of your ill-fated gueſt. In ſhort, the ſtrangers (though unknown to us for ſuch at that time) proved to be the perfidious *Aſphar* and his vile confidant *Cornu*. Perceiving them fatigued, we placed ſuch refreſhments before our gueſts as our houſe afforded; which their appetites, being rendered keen by the exerciſe of the chaſe (from which they were returning, when having loſt their company, they were overtaken by the late ſtorm), made them partake of with a double reliſh. *Aſphar* kept his eyes on me 'till the repaſt was ended; when, on finding that the weather had cleared up, he took his leave, after having thrown a purſe of ſequins on the table, which we could not prevail on him to take back again.

"My brother was ſoon (the truce being nearly expired) obliged to rejoin the army. Our parting was dreadful, each of us being apprehenſive of ſome unforeſeen misfortune befalling the other in our ab-

ſence; but at length my brother tore himſelf away from my embrace; and offering a thouſand prayers to our holy prophet for my ſafety, mounted his horſe, and rode off for the camp. For ſome time after I was as one diſtracted; but at length became more calm. I made it my daily cuſtom to ſpend my evenings (when it was fair) in an alcove at the bottom of the garden, where I indulged myſelf in making a few melancholy compariſons between my paſt and preſent ſituation in life. However, on one of theſe occaſions, about two moons after the departure of my brother, I was alarmed by a ruſtling among the leaves; and before I could turn round to ſee from whence the noiſe proceeded, found myſelf ſurrounded by a party of armed men; who, after they had blindfolded and gagged me, placed me on a horſe, and ſet off with the greateſt ſpeed imaginable. In this manner we travelled for ſome time; when the ſound of a bugle-horn informed me we were arrived at the gate of ſome caſtle; and the creaking of the hinges as it opened ſoon confirmed me in my opinion. We paſſed on in ſilence, though by the motion I found we were aſcending a ſtair-caſe. At length we ſtopt. I heard the footſteps of my guards retire; while the one who ſeemed the chief of this expedition told me I was at my journey's end as he turned the key on me, adding, it was my fault if I remained long a priſoner. Nevertheleſs, it was ſome time after I was alone before I ventured to pull the bandage from my eyes; when they were dazzled by the ſplendid decorations of the apartment I was left in. I flew to the window, in hopes of diſcovering ſome means of eſcape; but found it was a thing impracticable, as the caſtle was ſurrounded by a deep moat, and the windows were ſtrongly barricaded with iron lattice-work. Diſappointed and chagrined at the gloomy aſpect of my adventure, I threw myſelf on a ſuperb ſofa, and gave way to a thouſand diſagreeable reflections.

"I was ſoon rouſed from my reverie by the entrance of the imperious *Aſphar*; who, diveſting himſelf as much as poſſible of his natural ferocity, threw himſelf at my feet, and alledged, as an excuſe for the

violence committed on me by his order, the exceſs of his love for me; upon which I turned from him with diſdain, telling him the only way to gain my heart was by reſtoring me to my mourning domeſtics, and leaving me at liberty to chuſe for myſelf. Enraged at my behaviour, he aroſe from his ſuppliant poſture; and after threatening me with force in caſe of non-compliance, turned the key, and left me once more at liberty to reflect on the adventures of this and the preceding day. Each ſucceeding day expoſed me to the brutal ſolicitations of this tyrant, who on every interview threatened to make the worſt uſe of the power he had over me; but, as if awed by that ſuperiority which virtue ever bears over vice, he ſtill wanted the reſolution to put his threats in execution.

"My only comfort during this long confinement (for 'tis about three years ſince I firſt entered the walls of the *Black Caſtle*), was a ſweet little boy whom he had given to me as a page. He was a charming fellow, and conſtantly endeavoured, by his little endearments, to chaſe away the gloom which always hung on my face after his cruel lord had been making his rude propoſal. 'Ah! my dear lady,' ſaid he to me one day, 'I had a mammy once; but I know not what became of her. I was taken from her one night, and have never ſeen her ſince; but indeed madam,' added the lovely child (careſſing me in the tendereſt manner), 'you are ſo very kind to me, that I muſt henceforth call you my dear mammy.'

"I took the pretty creature on my knee; and, as a proof of my acquieſcence in his requeſt, almoſt devoured him with kiſſes. From this moment I became impatient to know the hiſtory of this intereſting child; and by dint of inquiry learnt that his mother was the wife of an officer in the *Turkiſh* army, whoſe name I had often heard my brother mention, and that while he was abſent with the army, the cruel *Aſphar* had decoyed her and my little page into his power; when, after making the ſame propoſals to her as he had done to me, and finding all his endeavours to ſeduce her in vain, he ordered them to be ſeparated, and the unfor-

tunate *Ravia* (for that was her name) to be confined in a gloomy dungeon, while he took my little companion to wait on him.

" But to return to my ſtory—the tyrant at length, tired out with my ſcorn, had fixed the time for my final anſwer; when juſt as he had left me, a courier arrived from his camp with ſuch an unfavourable account of the campaign which had proved highly diſadvantageous to the *Moors*, that he was obliged to put himſelf at the head of the army; for which he ſet off in a few hours after with a reinforcement, having firſt informed his chief eunuch *Alokim* (in whoſe cuſtody he left me) that if he ſuffered me to eſcape, his head ſhould pay the forfeit of his negligence.

" The tyrant was no ſooner gone than I began to ſpend my time in as agreeable a manner as my ſituation would admit of with my little companion; when one night a remarkable dream pointed out the ſecret means by which I have obtained my liberty. Methought that on a ſudden the apartment I ſlept in became illumined with a refulgent blaze of glory, in the midſt of which appeared the form of a lady, the very likeneſs of my little page. She was dreſſed in a looſe white robe; and from her boſom a crimſon ſtream ſeemed to flow. She looked on me with complaiſance; and going to a pannel in the room, ſhe puſhed it aſide; then, after entreating me to eſcape with my little companion, whom methought ſhe called her ſon, and charging me to avoid her fate, immediately vaniſhed.

" Impreſſed with the ſtrangeneſs of this viſion, I remained loſt in thought for the beſt part of the next day; which the little *Muley* obſerving, requeſted to know the cauſe of it; who, as ſoon as I had told him, fled to the pannel; when, to our amazement, it gave way to his touch, and appeared to open into a long gallery or paſſage. However, we cloſed the pannel again, and waited with impatience for the evening, when we began to explore the above-mentioned paſſage. It led through many windings to the outer wall of the caſtle, fortunately in a part where it was ruinated; and after a deal of difficulty in making a breach,

we effected our purpoſe, and eſcaped into the wood, where we had ſpent two tedious days, and expended the ſmall ſtock of proviſions we had brought with us. Having then left my companion in the wood faſt aſleep under a tree, I went farther into the receſſes of it, in ſearch of berries and other wild fruits for our ſuſtenance; but, judge my ſurpriſe! when, on returning from my excurſion, I found he was gone. I called him by the moſt endearing names—he was no where to be found, and, alas! I fear he has again fell into the hands of the tyrant."—The fair *Lamora* now pauſed a few moments to recover the emotions which this ſad reflection had cauſed; and then proceeded as follows: "Unknowing of what I did, I wandered 'till I came to the cave, where, worn out with fatigue, I fell into that ſlumber from which I was arouſed by your approach."

She had ſcarce finiſhed her affecting narrative, when a violent knocking was heard without; and before they could inquire into the cauſe, the door was broke into a thouſand pieces, and *Cornu* and *Moroc* (who, unwilling to remain under the diſpleaſure of their lord, had been indefatigable in their ſearch) having been ſo fortunate as to trace her to the cottage of *Haly*, now preſented themſelves before the aſtoniſhed and affrighted *Lamora*. Their eyes ſparkled with pleaſure; and ruſhing on her with the ſame degree of fury as the rapacious tiger darts upon his prey, they bore her off in triumph, regardleſs of the prayers and entreaties of the affrighted ruſtics, who followed them to the door of their cot; where, looking after them 'till they were loſt in the winding receſſes of the foreſt, they heaved a ſigh, and retired to drop a tear over the misfortunes of the fair captive.

The pleaſure of having regained their priſoner, added freſh ſpeed to the emiſſaries of the ſable tyrant, who ſoon arrived at the gates of the *Black Caſtle*. The horn announced their arrival; the gate flew open; and the unfortunate *Lamora* was again conducted to her former ſplendid apartment, where they left her deprived of every bleſſing of liberty but reflection.

Left thus alone, a myriad of apprehenſions, each more dreadful than its predeceſſor, crowded on her tortured fancy, and ſhe uttered the moſt moving complaints, replete with deſpair and anguiſh. In this dreadful ſituation ſhe remained 'till the evening twilight ſet in, when an hollow rumbling ſound in her apartment, and the adjoining one, engaged her attention. She aroſe full of dread, and looking round her, to her infinite ſurpriſe, ſaw wrote on the walls of her chamber the following diſtich:—

"Ere thrice ſelf-ſtruck the Caſtle-bell reſound,
Sorrow ſhall ceaſe, and you with joy be crown'd."

Theſe lines, preſented to her peruſal by a ſupernatural power, afforded her ſome temporary conſolation; but upon reflection, ſhe was going to treat it as an offſpring of fancy, when ſhe heard herſelf addreſſed by an inviſible voice in the following words:—

"*Fair maiden, ſhun the wily tyrant's ſnares; repulſe with ſcorn his proffer'd vows of love; fear not his puny threats; dare to be virtuous, and you ſhall be happy.*"

The voice ceaſed, and ſhe felt her drooping ſpirits cheered by the friendly admonition. At this inſtant *Aſphar* (who had been informed of her being retaken by his prime miniſter *Cornu*) entered the apartment; and after viewing her for ſome time with a ſupercilious ſneer on his countenance, with an air of triumph welcomed her return to the caſtle, and again renewed his ſolicitations; but *Lamora* (whoſe courage had been renovated by the aſſurance of her inviſible monitor) repulſed him with diſdain; and when he mixed threats with his entreaties, perſiſted in treating them with the greateſt indifference. Enraged at this behaviour, he ſeized her rudely by the arm, and was about to give a demonſtrative proof of the power he had over his fair captive, by forcing her to his brutal wiſhes, when ſhe drew his dagger from his belt; and raiſing her arm, in a determined tone of voice threatened to plunge it into his guilty breaſt. Upon which the tyrant, appalled at her reſolution, fell on his knees before her; and opening his breaſt (in order to move her pity), begged her to ſtrike, and, by one fatal blow, end the

exiſtence of one whoſe life muſt be an eternal ſtate of miſery without her. This aſſumed appearance of fear on his ſide had the deſired effect; for the generous *Lamora*, after darting a look of contempt on him, threw the dagger on one ſide; and declaring ſhe thought him a ſacrifice unworthy of her, retired to one of the windows of the ſaloon; but the perfidious *Aſphar* no ſooner ſaw her diſarmed, than, his eyes gleaming with revenge, he ſtarted on his feet, and again ſeized the undaunted maid; and drawing his ſword, was about to ſacrifice her to his fury; when the infant child of *Ravia* (her little page) ruſhed into the apartment; and throwing himſelf at the feet of the ſable tyrant, embraced his knees, and implored him not to take the life of his dear dear lady.

The tyrant ſpurned the infant petitioner from him with diſdain, and retired to one corner of the ſaloon to hide his emotion; for though he was the moſt abandoned of the human race, he was ſenſible that he had a monitor within his breaſt called CONSCIENCE, whoſe upbraidings on theſe occaſions he found extremely difficult to ſilence. The infant *Muley* took this opportunity to fly to his fair miſtreſs, whom he endeavoured to comfort by the tendereſt careſſes, and for a moment they enjoyed the tranſcendant pleaſure of blending their tears together; but they were ſoon interrupted by the ferocious *Aſphar* (whoſe baſe deſires had at length baniſhed every particle of pity from his ſavage breaſt). Their innocent careſſes added freſh fuel to his rage; he tore them aſunder; and ſtamping with his foot, *Alokim* and *Cornu* entered, into whoſe arms he threw the trembling page, and commanded them to take the reptile to his fate. The two ſlaves bowed their obeyſance, and retired to execute the ſavage commands of their lord.

The defenceleſs *Lamora* was now left once more alone with, and expoſed to the brutal inſults of the amorous Moor, who again attempted to obtain by force that which he could not effect by entreaty, and endeavoured to drag her toward the ſopha; at which *Lamora*, ſtill depending on the ſpectre's aſſurance,

gave a loud ſhriek; and muſtering all her ſtrength, ſhe threw him to ſome diſtance from her. Enraged at this unexpected repulſe, he called for his guards, who entered; and proſtrating themſelves before him, waited in ſilence for his commands.

"*Moroc*," ſaid the enraged *Aſphar* to their leader, "draw thy ſabre, and with one blow diſpatch this proud contemptuous woman; which done, commit her body to the Caſtle-moat." *Moroc* trembled. Compaſſion moved his ſoul; and after a pauſe, he declared himſelf unable to put the tyrant's commands in execution. Enraged at his puſilanimity (as he termed it), *Aſphar* forced his ſword from him. Then plunging it into his breaſt, commanded part of his trembling vaſſals to convey the traitor from his preſence; while, by his order, the reſt dragged the ſenſeleſs *Lamora* (who had fainted at the perpetration of the above cruel action) to the ſame gloomy dungeon, from whence the injured *Ravia* never more came forth.

While this was paſſing at the Caſtle, the cottage of *Haly* (which had been ſo lately the aſylum of the unfortunate *Lamora)* was honoured in ſheltering from the inclemency of the weather (for it was now winter) two warriors, who, having fought in defence of, and procured an honorable peace for their country, were returning to reap the rewards of it in the chaſte embraces of a beloved wife and ſiſter; but, alas! they too ſoon found that the dear objects of their affections were torn away from their peaceful habitations in their abſence, and were now held captive by the tyrannic lord of the *Black Caſtle*.

To keep our readers no longer in ſuſpenſe, theſe two ſtrangers were *Simouſtapha* (the brother of *Lamora)*, and *Cazem* (the injured huſband of the departed *Ravia)*. The former, fatigued with his journey, and overpowered with grief, on his arrival at the cave, (which had proved ſo comfortable a refuge to his ſiſter on a former occaſion) had laid himſelf down, and fell into a profound ſlumber, from which he was rouſed by the arrival of *Cazem*. Alarmed at ſeeing a ſtranger ſo near him, he drew his ſword, but ſoon returned it to

its ſcabbard, on the latter's aſſuring him he was a friend. After which an explanation, and compariſon of their fortunes, took place; which ended in a mutual interchange of vows to revenge their wrongs on the remorſeleſs Moor, or die in the attempt. Which done, they entreated and obtained admiſſion for themſelves and guards under the humble dwelling of the above-mentioned ruſtics.

The evening was now approaching with rapid ſtrides, and the family of *Haly* and their rural neighbours were preparing to pay their nightly viſit to the tomb of *Ravia*, when the ſtrangers begged leave to accompany them; which was readily granted, and the proceſſion moved on ſlowly to the foreſt of *Agmant*; and as ſoon as they were arrived at the ſacred ſpot, they began to chaunt (according to their uſual cuſtom) their *requiem* over the tomb; when, on their mentioning the name of *Ravia*, *Cazem* (whoſe attention had been too much taken up with his own thoughts to read the inſcription) ſtarted. Then trembling, ſeized the hand of *Alam*, and in a frantic tone requeſted the youthful peaſant to inform him of the meaning of what he ſaw. The generous ruſtic, judging by his manner that he was deeply intereſted in the ſcene before him, related the fatal ſtory in as tender a manner as poſſible.

The afflicted *Cazem*, unable to give utterance to his grief, threw himſelf on the ground before the tomb of his beloved wife, and gave vent to groans that moved all preſent with pity. *Simouſtapha*, fearful of his injuring himſelf by the unuſual violence of his ſorrow, entreated the ſympathiſing peaſants to aſſiſt in raiſing him from the ground; which they cheerfully complied with. At this inſtant the ſky became darkened; the thunders rolled at diſtance; and a hollow voice commanded all to retire but the diſtracted *Cazem* and his friend. The affrighted peaſants remained fixed with aſtoniſhment; but, at the requeſt of *Simouſtapha*, complied with the injunction, and left the amazed ſtrangers by themſelves.

At this inſtant a tremendous craſh ſhook the foreſt to its center, and the ſpirit of *Ravia* appeared before

her aſtoniſhed huſband. Her white robes floated in the air; a blue vapour ſurrounded her; and ſhe pointed with her finger to a ghaſtly wound in her breaſt. *Cazem* fell on his knees before her, and in a tremulous accent requeſted to know her commands, and promiſed, in the moſt ſolemn manner, to execute them. The ſpectre viewed him tenderly for awhile, and then proceeded to inform him that the tyrant *Aſphar*, taking advantage of his abſence, had, by a well-laid ſcheme, drew her into his power; and after offending her chaſte ears with a declaration of his brutal paſſion, on finding her deaf to his entreaties, had at length, worn out with her obſtinacy, thrown her into a gloomy dungeon, where one fatal night he ſtole upon her unſuſpecting ſlumber; and having gained his horrid purpoſe, in order to bury all in oblivion, plunged his poignard in her breaſt, and buried her remains under the pavement of her dungeon. She then added, in a more hollow tone of voice, her commands for revenge on her cruel raviſher; and immediately (upon *Cazem*'s ſwearing to perform the injunction thus ſolemnly enjoined) aſcended into the upper regions of the air, offering up prayers to the divine diſpoſer of all things for the ſucceſs and ſafety of her huſband. As ſoon as they were recovered from the agitation into which this uncommon ſcene had thrown them, they joined the peaſants (who had waited trembling at a diſtance), and returned to the cottage of *Haly*; where, after conſulting with their adherents, the two friends agreed to reconnoitre the purlieus of the Caſtle in the morning; and after having fixed on the enſuing night for the attack, retired to reſt, in order to refreſh themſelves after the fatigues of the day, in which ſituation we will leave them, and return to the Caſtle, where we left the infant *Muley* in the cuſtody of *Cornu* and *Alokim*.

Theſe ſable emiſſaries had no ſooner left the preſence of the relentleſs tyrant, than they bore their affrighted captive to one of the dampeſt dungeons in the Caſtle, where they left him in confinement 'till the next morning, when they conveyed him from thence,

and ſet out for the Cave of Deſtruction, which was ſituated in a long ridge of mountains at the back of the Caſtle. On this fatal ſpot, many an unfortunate captive had fallen a victim to the reſentment of the ſable tyrant; and without thoſe rites being performed which is due to all mortals on their deceaſe, lay mouldering to duſt at the bottom of the cave. They were no ſooner arrived at this dreary receſs, than they began to ſhake the dice (according to the Mooriſh cuſtom), in order to ſee which of them ſhould perpetrate the horrid deed. The lot fell on *Alokim* as being the loweſt thrower, and the remorſeleſs *Cornu* put the dire inſtrument of death into his hand; upon which the former raiſed his arm, and was about to give the fatal blow, when the infant *Muley* fell on his knees before him, and in the moſt innocent manner begged him to ſpare his life. *Alokim* pauſed. Pity, and obeiſance to the commands of his cruel lord, contended for the maſterſhip. At length the former prevailing, the dagger dropt from his hand, and he turned his head away, in order to conceal his tears; upon which their innocent victim, believing him averſe to his entreaties, now turned, and renewed them to the ſavage *Cornu*, who, inſenſible of the ſoft emotions of pity, ſpurned him away. Then picking up the dagger, again put it into the hand of *Alokim*, and in a ſtern tone commanded him to perform the deed, or *Aſphar* ſhould puniſh him for his cowardice.

Then ſeizing the trembling *Muley*, he preſented him full before *Alokim*, bidding him ſtrike, and no longer delay the execution of their maſter's order. The latter raiſed the murderous weapon, and tremblingly attempted to plunge it into the infant's boſom; but miſſing his aim, he wounded his ruthful companion in the arm, who inſtantly drew his ſword, and with a moſt horrid imprecation informed *Alokim* that he would no longer be trifled with, but that his life ſhould pay the forfeit incurred by his diſobedience. *Alokim* followed his example, and they engaged with the utmoſt fury. At length the ſword of the latter pierced the breaſt of his antagoniſt, and he fell lifeleſs at his

feet. The little *Muley*, who had ſtood at the mouth of the cave, trembling for the reſult of the combat, now flew to embrace and thank his kind deliverer, who returned his careſſes with equal tenderneſs.

Prudence now dictated the removal of the body as a neceſſary precaution; and *Alokim*, having dragged it to the mouth of the cave, conſigned it to the ſame fate as its predeceſſors. Then taking his little captive with him, they retired into the cave, in order to find ſome convenient nook where he might conceal the latter from the tyrant's power.

At this moment *Simouſtapha* and *Cazem* (who had, according to their intention on the preceding evening, left the cottage of *Haly*, to take a ſurvey of the Caſtle and its vicinity), having loſt their way, arrived before the mouth of the cave. The dice-box and dice, which ſtill lay on the ground, ſoon informed them that ſome cruel deed had been perpetrated near that place; and the ſword of *Cornu*, which lay at the entrance of the cave, ſerved to confirm them in their opinion that the aſſaſſin was concealed within. Impreſſed with this notion, they drew their ſwords, and determined to explore its inmoſt receſſes; but they had no ſooner approached the entrance of the cave, than they were met by *Alokim*, who, with fury in his eyes, demanded the reaſon of their intruſion. *Simouſtapha* and *Cazem*, with no leſs ſternneſs, demanded admiſſion, and inquired into the reaſon of what they now ſaw before them; but to all their queſtions he remained ſilent, fearing leaſt, by an inadvertent anſwer, he might betray the ſecret of his little captive. Enraged at his behaviour, which they miſtook for the ſullen ferociouſneſs of a deſperado, they were about to ſacrifice him to their reſentment, when the little *Muley*, coming to the mouth of the cave, gave a loud ſcream, and threw himſelf between them and his deliverer.

An intereſting ſcene now took place. "O heavens!" exclaimed *Cazem*, almoſt breathleſs with rapture, "it is my child—it is the tender pledge of love left me by my dear departed *Ravia*." The ſound of his voice induced *Muley* (who had clung round *Alokim*

with his face averted from the ſtrangers) to turn his head; when, moved by inſtinct, he flew into the arms of *Cazem*, exclaiming, "Oh my father, my father!" and nothing but the moſt tender expreſſions of love and duty were to be heard for ſome time. As ſoon as their tranſports were over, an explanation took place, and *Alokim* was overwhelmed with the encomiums of the two friends, which he received with the greateſt modeſty; and after he had promiſed to point out to them the weakeſt part of the Caſtle, they all retired to the cottage of *Haly* to wait the ſetting-in of the evening, in order to put their deſign in execution.

Lamora had now ſpent one long tedious day and night in a noiſome dungeon; when, taking the opportunity (while her guards, fatigued with over-watching, had ſunk into the arms of ſleep) to explore the walls of her priſon, in order to ſee if ſhe could find any means of eſcape, ſhe was interrupted (juſt as ſhe had gained the landing-place of one of the flights of ſteps which led to the door of the dungeon, and had began to examine it) by the deep knelling of the ſelf-ſtruck bell; upon which, fearful leſt the ſound ſhould awake her ſleeping guards, ſhe leapt down on her bed of ſtraw, and pretended to be aſleep; but it had no other effect on them than juſt to make them turn over, and reſign themſelves to their former ſtate of ſleep. All being ſilent again, ſhe aſcended the other ſtairs, and had once more reached the door, when ſhe heard the maſſy bars give way. The door opened, and the laſcivious Moor ſtood before her, with his ſword drawn in one hand, and a lighted flambeau in the other. Terrified at his unexpected appearance, ſhe gave a loud ſcream, and again leapt on her bed. She was ſoon followed by the tyrant, who, after reprimanding her guards for their neglect, gave his torch to one of them, and commanded them to retire; which was inſtantly complied with.

They were no ſooner alone than *Aſphar* demanded of *Lamora* if her temper was become more pliable, adding, that if ſhe ſtill perſiſted in refuſing him, nothing ſhould debar him from the completion of his

wiſhes. At this moment the bell reſounded a ſecond time, and filled the deſponding *Lamora* with freſh courage; who, in a determined tone of voice, told him ſhe would ſooner loſe her life than become the abject ſlave of his deſire. The Moor, enraged at her obſtinacy, ſeized, and attempted to force her; when a tremendous clap of thunder, which ſeemed to ſhake the very foundation of the Caſtle, deterred him from his purpoſe.

The moſt celeſtial ſounds aſſailed his ears, and the ſpirit of *Ravia* preſented itſelf to his view; at which inſtant, *Aſphar* and *Lamora* both retired on one ſide, affrighted at the apparition which appeared before them. The former, overwhelmed with guilt, threw himſelf with his face on the ground, and remained motionleſs, while the ſpectre, approaching him with a ſevere countenance, ſpoke as follows:—"Well mayſt thou tremble, monſter, at my preſence. Thy many crimes ſit heavy on thy ſoul; and conſcience, like a worm, ſhall gnaw thy vitals. The hour of retribution is at hand. Yes, when thou heareſt again the Caſtle-bell, think upon *Ravia*'s wrongs, deſpair, and die. For thou, fair maid," (continued the ſpectre, addreſſing itſelf to *Lamora*) "depend on my prediction. The ſelf-ſame knell ſhall end thy preſent woes."

The ſpectre ended here; and, darting a look of complacency on the affrighted *Lamora*, retired ſlowly toward the door of the priſon, and immediately vaniſhed into the air.

A meſſenger now entered abruptly, and informed *Aſphar* (who had juſt riſen from the ground), that the Caſtle was attacked by *Simouſtapha* and *Cazem* with a numerous force; and that, unleſs he immediately put himſelf at the head of his vaſſals, all would be loſt. *Aſphar* became diſtracted at this intelligence, and diſpatched the meſſenger with an aſſurance on his part that he would join them directly. The claſh of arms now began to be diſtinctly heard from without, and the enemy had began to force the outer doors of the priſon, when the revengeful Moor, frantic with deſpair, ſeized his ſword, and purſued the trembling

Lamora round the dungeon with the fixed determination of preventing her falling alive into the hands of her brother.

Having at length overtaken her, he raiſed his ſabre, in order to ſtrike off her head; when the beſiegers ruſhing in, his arm was arreſted by *Cazem*, and he found himſelf attacked by him and *Simouſtapha*. The conflict was dreadful; and *Lamora* retired to one corner of the dungeon, waiting, in the moſt painful ſuſpenſe, for the reſult of the action. At length victory declared for the *Turks*; and at the ſame inſtant that the bell tolled for the third time, the tyrant fell (uttering the moſt dreadful imprecations), never to riſe again; and the virtuous *Lamora* found herſelf incloſed in the arms of a beloved brother; and thus the prediction of the SPECTRE OF THE FOREST was fulfilled in the moſt religious ſtrictneſs with regard to time and circumſtances.

As ſoon as the tumult of victory was over, the firſt care of *Simouſtapha* and *Cazem* was to ſee the laſt remains of the fallen tyrant committed to the grave with all the honours due to his rank; generouſly remarking, that by his death he had paid the forfeit of his numerous crimes, and alſo to thoſe of the murdered *Ravia*, which they found in the very place her ſpirit had pointed out to them. Theſe diſmal offices being performed, as the tyrant had left no iſſue behind him, they took poſſeſſion of the Caſtle and its domains, in the name of their ſovereign lord the Sultan; who ſoon after ſent a courier to inveſt *Cazem* with the viceroyſhip of the province, and *Simouſtapha* with the command of the army in thoſe parts.

An union took place ſoon after between *Cazem* and the ſiſter of his friend; in whom the infant *Muley* found as ſincere a protector as ever. In ſhort, continual happineſs crowned the remainder of their days; and their titles and honors were handed down to their poſterity free from blemiſh—thus giving a convincing proof that VIRTUE *only can produce laſting happineſs in this ſublunary vale of human trial!*

Tracey Caſtle.

IT was about the middle of the ſummer of 1176, when the evening of one of the hotteſt days ever remembered in *England* was uſhered in by a moſt tremendous thunder ſtorm, that the venerable *De Tracey*, as was his uſual cuſtom on ſuch occaſions, left his caſtle on the borders of *Devonſhire*, and bent his ſteps toward the ſea ſhore, in order to offer his purſe and Caſtle to the unfortunate wretches whoſe unprotected miſery might lay claim to his benevolence.

He had not proceeded far on the ſands before he perceived ſomething lying upon the beach at a ſmall diſtance from him. Naturally concluding it to have been drifted thither by the ſea, he, with all poſſible haſte, made toward it; when, to his no ſmall ſurpriſe, he found a chevalier reclining on a cheſt, but to all appearance no longer an inhabitant of this world.—Terrified at the melancholy diſcovery, the good old Baron removed him from the ſituation he found him in, and at length, by uſing ſuch endeavours as his own benevolence dictated, had the good fortune to reſtore the unfortunate ſtranger to life. The palid hue of death gradually gave way to the more powerful exertions of nature, and he opened his eyes with a groan; but upon directing them toward heaven, the light of the glorious orb of day proved too much for him, and he ſunk into his former ſtate of inſenſibility. However, the animal functions reſumed by degrees their former occupations, and nothing remained but the fatigue attendant on the extraordinary conflict which nature had undergone.

The ſtranger frequently fixed his eyes on *De Tracey*, while a ſigh, which ſeemed to relieve the emotions of a heart torn with the remembrance of the paſt, burſt from his boſom; and he at length, in broken accents, exclaimed againſt Providence for its interpoſition in his favour. *De Tracey*, ſhocked at his behaviour, reprobated his conduct in the higheſt degree, and at the ſame time

endeavoured to diſpel the gloomy clouds of deſpair which ſeemed to hover round the head of the deſponding ſtranger. But it was in vain: the chevalier ſtopped him ſhort, and in a ſpeech of conſiderable length informed him, in a tone of deſpondency, that he was once like him, bleſſed with all the goods that virtue and the fickle goddeſs could beſtow on him; but that at that moment the crimes which he had been guilty of, drove them from his graſp, and nothing awaited him but endleſs torture, miſery, and death. "Even now," continued the ſtranger, "I feel the grim tyrant has marked me for his own, while a ſecret impulſe bids me requeſt you to beware. A part of thy blood is tainted; look to thy life; it is endangered by one whom thou nouriſheth in thy boſom." With this precaution on his lips he gave a deep groan, and expired.

Loſt in amazement, *De Tracey* ſtood on the beach for ſome time, abſorbed in reflexion; and the ſingular occurrence before him engroſſed the whole of his attention. A feeble groan, which ſeemed to iſſue from the cheſt, however, rouſed him from his reverie. He liſtened; again, the groan was repeated. Eager to unravel the myſtery, he, with a degree of ſtrength augmented by a natural deſire planted in his breaſt of relieving diſtreſs, forced off the lid. An half-ſtarved female infant now preſented itſelf to his view; its little hands were clenched together, as if to ſupplicate his aid, while its toothleſs jaws opened like a young neſtling craving that ſupport which the untoward fates had hitherto denied it. A picture like this could not fail of making the moſt obdurate heart ſuſceptible to the tender pleadings of pity, much more that of the benevolent *De Tracey*, who no ſooner diſcovered the infant than he ſnatched it up in his arms; and while a tear of compaſſion trickled down his cheek, he preſſed it to his boſom, willing to ſtay its nearly departed ſoul. He endeavoured, by breathing new life down its parched throat, to reſtore it once more to life. Providence ſmiled on the act, and the reſult of his labors were crowned with ſucceſs. *De Tracey*, pleaſed with his acquiſition, haſtened to the Caſtle, where he immediately gave orders for the wants

of the infant to be ſupplied, and every attention paid to it that it might ſtand in need of; which done, the venerable Baron retired to his chamber, where he enjoyed that calm repoſe which is ever attendant on a mind conſcious of its own rectitude.

The morning had ſcarcely begun to dawn when *De Tracey* aroſe, and attended by two of his faithful domeſtics repaired to the ſpot he had viſited on the preceding evening, hoping to find a ſomething in the cheſt that might lead to the diſcovery of the infant's origin; but on their arrival at the beach, *De Tracey* found that the cheſt had not only been robbed of its contents, but the body of the deceaſed chevalier ſtript alſo, and left expoſed to the open air. As ſoon as he had recovered from the aſtoniſhment and diſappointment which this circumſtance occaſioned, the Baron aſſiſted his domeſtics in removing the body into the cheſt; and commanding them to bear it on their ſhoulders to the Caſtle, followed them thither, when he ordered it to be depoſited in a vault adjoining to the Caſtle. This done, he cauſed a ſtrict inquiry to be made after the loſt property; but it was all to no purpoſe; and he was obliged to wait until time ſhould unravel the myſtery; to which period he alſo referred the caution given him by the dying Chevalier; and although, upon reflexion, it chilled his ſoul with horror, yet he determined to leave the diſpoſal of his future fate to the will of his creator.

Edmund and *Walter*, the ſons of the Baron, who had been abſent on their ſtudies, had returned but a few days to the Caſtle before the introduction of the young ſtranger into the family by their father, whoſe engaging manner ſoon procured it the eſteem of all who ſaw it, excepting *Walter*, who, already grown envious of his brother's happineſs, looked upon this new intruder as another rival in the love of the Baron; and with the ſanguine determination of a ſecond *Cain*, reſolved on the deſtruction of them both, concealing however his horrid purpoſe under the ſpecious cloak of pretended humility, and carrying an outward appearance of the moſt tender eſteem to forward the innocent objects of his implacable hatred.

In the mean time the fair fugitive, to whom the baron had given the name of *Adelaide*, grew apace; and as ſhe advanced toward maturity, her natural beauty, embelliſhed by mental improvement and virtuous accompliſhment, became the admiration of all who knew her, eſpecially of *Edmund*, with whom it ſoon ripened into a more tender paſſion; and he, without knowing the cauſe, found himſelf never ſo happy as when in her company. This was obſerved by the baron with infinite delight, who, with a warmth of diſintereſted benevolence, gave them every encouragement, exulting in the pleaſing proſpect of the education of his children forming an agreeable employment for his declining years. Even the rugged *Walter* was not proof againſt the charms of *Adelaide*; only with this difference, that the deſires which they had kindled in his breaſt were as unchaſte and dangerous as thoſe of his brother were pure and holy. Conſcious that he could not gain his ends by an open avowal of his ſentiments, he had recourſe to diſſimulation, and courted more than ever the confidence of his brother, who, ignorant of his perfidy, ſoon repoſed in him the ſecret of his paſſion, concluding his account with a piece of intelligence that added freſh fuel to *Walter*'s hatred, namely that the fair *Adelaide* was by no means averſe to his paſſion, and that, in conſequence of its meeting with the approbation of the baron, their nuptials were ſpeedily to take place. Stung to the quick with the unpleaſant information which his brother gave him, it was with the utmoſt difficulty that the arch hypocrite concealed his emotion, and with a ſpecious ſmile congratulated his brother on the fortunate deſtiny which awaited him. Thus ſituated, he took the firſt opportunity to retire to his chamber, in order to concert ſome meaſure whereby he might be enabled to prevent the completion of his brother's wiſhes. Gold, all powerful gold, appeared to him to be the principal engine to be depended on; and with that view he endeavoured, by proffering a large ſum, to bring over the two domeſtics of his brother to his intereſt; but the love which they bore their maſter

rendered his ſcheme abortive, and he was forced to make application to the two belonging to himſelf. Theſe he knew to be already devoted to his intereſt. Rude and unlettered, they knew not the nature of the crime which he engaged them to perform; and allured by the gilded bait, they readily acquieſced in his deſires.

Having thus ſecured the vile inſtruments of his revenge, he waited with impatience for the approach of evening, when he flattered himſelf with attaining the climax of his deſires. At length twilight, the dingy harbinger of the wiſhed-for period, arrived; when *Walter* meeting his brother in the garden, demanded with a diſſembled ſmile if he intended to take his accuſtomed walk that evening? To this queſtion the unſuſpecting *Edmund* replied in the affirmative, adding, that the fair *Adelaide* had alſo promiſed to accompany him. The perfidious *Walter* had no ſooner received this information, than after ſome time ſpent in idle converſation, he quitted the garden in ſearch of his aſſociates, in order to prepare them for the intended attack.

In the mean time *Albert* being joined by the fair *Adelaide*, they proceeded on their walk; and loſt in the enjoyment of each other's company, had wandered to a conſiderable diſtance from the Caſtle before they perceived that they had exceeded the uſual limits of their walk. They however no ſooner diſcovered this, than they prepared to return. At this moment the ruffians burſt from their concealment; and ſeizing *Adelaide*, held a dagger to the breaſt of the aſtoniſhed *Edmund*, threatning to plunge it in his heart if he offered to make the leaſt reſiſtance. Amazement for ſome time rendered *Edmund* almoſt inſenſible to all around him. The ſhrieks of *Adelaide*, however, ſoon brought him to a proper ſenſe of his ſituation. Frantic with rage, he tore a branch from an adjacent tree; he attacked the ruffians, and with one blow brought the foremoſt of them to the ground; which was no ſooner perceived by his villainous companion then he let go *Adelaide*, and making furiouſly at *Edmund*, would have completed his horrid miſ-

ſion, had not *Adelaide*, grown deſperate on beholding the danger of her lover, caught up the dagger which the fallen ruffian had dropt, and at the ſame time as the ſurviving aſſaſſin aimed his deadly weapon at the breaſt of *Edmund*, ruſhed forward, and ſtabbing him in the back, fell in a fit beſide the expiring ruffian. At this moment *Walter* (who had been an eye-witneſs of the preceding ſcene, and perceived that his evil purpoſe was defeated) made his appearance, and with a pretended concern congratulated his brother on his fortunate eſcape. This done, he ruſhed upon the miſguided men, and plunging his poignard into the bodies of his vanquiſhed myrmidons, buried the ſecret in oblivion, and ſecured himſelf beyond all poſſibility of a diſcovery.

Walter then accompanied *Edmund* and *Adelaide* to the Caſtle, where, with an appearance of diſtreſs, he related the adventure to the aſtoniſhed *De Tracey*, at the ſame time expreſſing his regret for his not having arrived in time to have an hand in the deliverance of his brother. A few hours before midnight the family retired to reſt, and the Caſtle-bell had no ſooner proclaimed the lonely hour, than *Walter* repaired privately to the park; and removing the bodies, ſecreted them in a vault which he had prepared for their reception. The abſence of the two domeſtics created ſome ſurpriſe in the family at firſt; but it ſoon wore off, and happineſs ſeemed once more to take up its reſidence in *Tracey Caſtle*.

One day as the baron was returning from his accuſtomed viſit to the ſea-ſhore, he was ſtopped by a peaſant, who in an humiliating poſture entreated his permiſſion to make him acquainted with a ſecret that concerned him. This extraordinary requeſt alarmed *De Tracey*. The prediction of the dying Chevalier recurred to his memory, and in a voice rendered tremulous with his emotion he bade the peaſant riſe, and proceed in his narration. The peaſant obeyed; and bowing himſelf to the ground, proceeded to inform the baron that he was deſcended from parents who, though they led at the time of his birth the humble life of a peaſant, had

once ſeen better days, which they however concealed from him, leaſt it ſhould induce him to imbibe notions unbecoming the ſtation in which providence had thought proper to fix him. "In this humble ſituation," continued the peaſant, "my parents ſpent their days until your noble father, the late baron *De Tracey*, hearing of his worth, took mine into his ſervice, and being ſatisfied with his integrity, advanced him to the office of ſteward; but, alas! death ſoon deprived him of his patron. He loſt his place, and retiring to a ſmall cottage on the borders of the eſtate, ſpent the ſmall ſum he had ſaved during his ſervitude in the inclement winter which followed. Unknown to you, and excluded from your bounty by their enemies, my parents ſpent the reſidue of their days in obſcurity, o'erwhelmed with the infirmities of old age, and dependant on my ſcanty earnings for ſupport. Thus ſtruggling beneath the ponderous graſp of poverty, I daily tilled the ſtubborn clod, until I was become too weak to labour; which, together with the agonizing idea of beholding the authors of my being reduced to the laſt extremity of want, made me reſolve to make application to you in their behalf, I had not however proceeded far upon the beach (from whence my cottage is not far diſtant), before I diſcovered a cheſt with ſome female apparel in it, and a dead body laying near it. Poverty, and the preſſing wants of my parents, made me commit a deed which at another time I ſhould have bluſhed even to think of. In ſhort, I ſtript the dead body, and packing up the contents of the cheſt, converted all of them to my uſe, excepting a ſmall miniature and a manuſcript. Theſe I could not prevail on myſelf to return, even when I heard of your inquiries after the cheſt; ſo great was my dread of your looking on the tranſaction in a criminal light. However, time, and the death of my parents, has at length conquered my prejudices; and relying on that candour which fame reports you to be ſo largely poſſeſſed of, I here preſent you with the manuſcript and portrait, truſting that your impartiality will complete my happineſs, by pardoning the error I have been guilty of."

The artleſs manner in which the peaſant related his tale won him the friendſhip of the baron, who took him to the Caſtle; where, upon his arrival, he took him into his ſtudy, and ſhutting themſelves in, he received the manuſcript and portrait from the peaſant. The latter, from the ſtrong reſemblance it bore to *Adelaide*, he immediately concluded to be that of her mother. The manuſcript next engaged his attention, in which, upon unfolding it, he read as follows:

" Stranger, if pity warms thy breaſt,
" 'Twill ſurely plead for one diſtreſt.
" An Orphan, forced by fate ſevere,
" To quit a Parent's foſt'ring care,
" Implores thy aid. Her mother too,
" Scorn'd by the world, applies to you,
" To ſave a child of noble race,
" A child of honor, not diſgrace.
" Do this! nor dread the world's regard,
" Secure of meeting thy reward."

The baron folded up the paper, and ſhedding a tear of commiſeration, returned it to the peaſant (*Gregory*), charging him to keep it with the profoundeſt ſecrecy, telling him at the ſame time that he would place him in the ſituation which his father had enjoyed under the late baron. The peaſant, unable to ſpeak, bowed his acknowledgment, and retired, in order to prepare for his removal to the Caſtle, leaving the baron meditating on the contents of the manuſcript he had juſt read; which appeared to him to be ſo obſcure, that he reſolved to keep the manner of *Adelaide*'s coming into his family a profound ſecret from her until time ſhould unravel the myſtery.

In the mean time *Edmund*, who became impatient to be united to the fair *Adelaide*, continually ſolicited his father for his conſent to their union; in which the latter (who did not regard the nice diſtinctions of the world) readily acquieſced; and the day was no ſooner appointed, than the whole village became buſied with preparations for an event which promiſed the union of two hearts that were alone worthy of each other. In ſhort, no one repined at the approaching happineſs of *Edmund*, excepting his brother *Walter*, who, under

the pretence of illneſs, ſhut himſelf up in his chamber, a prey to envy, hatred, and deſpair, meditating in his mind the moſt horrid revenge.

At length the long-expected morn arrived, uſhered in by the harmonious tinkling of the bells of the village, when the ruſtic inhabitants began to aſſemble before the Caſtle, in order to become ſpectators of the nuptial proceſſion. A long interval elapſed, without the leaſt appearance of any one coming from the Caſtle. At length, to their inexpreſſible ſurpriſe, the venerable *De Tracey* appeared before them, and in accents of deſpair informed them that *Edmund*, who, according to all appearance, had not ſlept in his chamber the preceding night, was miſſing, and could not be found any where. Aſtoniſhment for a moment fixed the diſappointed peaſants to the ſpot; but they had no ſooner recovered their ſenſes than they diſperſed in different directions in queſt of their beloved lord; but, alas! all their ſearch proved fruitleſs, and the afflicted baron found himſelf deprived of a ſon, the uncertainty of whoſe fate almoſt drove him to diſtraction; while the fair *Adelaide*, bereft of her firſt love, gave way to the emotions of her grief, and pined away in ſilence and deſpair.

A long period of time now elapſed, in which grief, and all its attendant train, ſeemed to have taken poſſeſſion of the Caſtle, when the baron's attention was rouſed by a report, which had been prevalent in the village for ſome days, of a ſpectre that nightly haunted an adjacent wood. Eager to become acquainted with the reality of a circumſtance which ſeemed to bear ſome analogy to the myſterious abſence of his ſon, he diſpatched *Gregory* for the two peaſants, with whom the report had firſt originated; to whom, upon their being brought into his ſtudy; he put the queſtion in the moſt ſolemn manner, at the ſame time charging them not to tell more nor leſs than the real truth. To this the peaſants bowed in token of acquieſcence, and proceeded to inform the baron that on the preceding morning they had ſeen, as they were loading their cart with gravel from an adjacent pit, a few hours before day-break, a figure all in white paſs

by them with a ſolemn ſtep; that being reſolved to know if it was a ghoſt, as they took it to be, they had followed it to the mouth of another pit, where, to their infinite dread and aſtoniſhment, it diſappeared.

The venerable *De Tracey*, although he felt a ſecret alarm at their narration, concealed his emotions in the beſt manner he poſſibly could; and pretending not to credit their aſſertion, in a ſtern manner charged them with being the fabricators of the ſtory; which the peaſants not only poſitively denied, but alſo offered to conduct him to the very ſpot—an offer which was readily accepted by the baron, who ordered *Gregory* to follow them to the place they propoſed to lead him to, and to take particular notice thereof ſo as to know it again if occaſion ſhould require it. In obedience to the order of his lord, *Gregory* followed the ruſtics with a heavy heart, who immediately conducted him to the ſpot which they had before deſcribed. The old ſteward viewed it with the greateſt circumſpection; then diſmiſſing the peaſants, returned to the Caſtle; where, upon his arrival, he ſeized upon the firſt opportunity of being alone with the baron, to whom he related the whole of what he had ſeen. *De Tracey*, now confirmed in the peaſants aſſertion, enjoined *Gregory* to keep what had paſſed a profound ſecret from the reſt of the family; and after appointing to meet each other in the court-yard at midnight, they ſeparated until that awful and myſterious period ſhould arrive. At length the Caſtle clock with hoarſe ſolemnity announced the midnight hour; when the baron and his faithful *Gregory*, having firſt taken care that the reſt of the Caſtle were retired to repoſe, met according to appointment, and immediately repaired to the haunted meadow, where they waited for ſome time without the leaſt ſign of the expected ſpectre making its appearance; and upon the Caſtle-clock tolling forth in doleful ſtrain the hour of two, were about to return to the Caſtle, when all on a ſudden they perceived the figure gliding through the buſhes behind them. Petrified with aſtoniſhment, they remained fixed to the place where they ſtood, nor moved from

thence, until upon the ſpectre paſſing near them *De Tracey* croſſed its way, and in a ſolemn tone of voice adjured it to aſſign the reaſon of its nightly viſitation to this tranſitory world. It paſſed on in ſilence; and having gained the entrance of the pit, cautiouſly deſcended. *Gregory* and the baron followed at a diſtance. It had not proceeded far before it ſtopped; and opening the ground with a mattock, knelt down and ſeemed to weep; then riſing, it filled up the hole again, and coming from the pit, paſſed them as before in ſilence. Surpriſed at its obſtinacy, the baron ſtopped to confer with *Gregory* on the ſingularity of the circumſtance. Curioſity however impelled them to go forward; and upon quickening their pace, they overtook the figure juſt as it had entered the outer gate of the Caſtle.

Unable to ſpeak, the baron made a ſign to *Gregory* to follow, who inſtantly obeyed; but in a little time returned, greatly agitated; and in a tone of voice, rendered tremulous by his emotion, informed the baron that the ſuppoſed ſpectre was no other than his youngeſt ſon *Walter*, whom he had watched to his chamber, and had ſeen get into bed with his hair diſheveled and his looks wan and ghaſtly.—"No more," ſaid the baron greatly agitated, "the period of my happineſs is nearly expired. Think of the chevalier's prediction. Adieu! Meet me in the morning by break of day, and we will viſit the ſpot we have juſt quitted." They then retired to their reſpective chambers, where they ſpent the remainder of the night in ſleepleſs apprehenſion. As for the baron, his thoughts crowded ſo faſt upon each other, that he at length became as it were inſenſible to all around him, loſt in a labyrinth of dark ſurmiſe. The roſy fingered morn, however, at laſt began to paint the eaſtern hemiſphere with variegated tints, when a knock at his chamber door arouſed the reſtleſs *De Tracey* from his reverie. It was *Gregory*, who came to ſummon him to attend him to the former ſcene of action. The baron aroſe from his couch, and without ſpeaking followed him, with wildneſs in his looks. At length they arrived at the fatal ſpot, when the baron breaking ſi-

lence, commanded his faithful ſteward to begin to dig. *Gregory* obeyed, but had not dug long before he ſuddenly ſtopt, and endeavoured to perſuade the baron to leave the place, but in vain; for it only ſerved to increaſe the curioſity and alarm of *De Tracey*, who ſternly commanded him to proceed. The former bowed aſſent, and renewing his efforts, in a ſhort time diſcovered, to his infinite horror and ſurpriſe, two human bodies in the laſt ſtage of corruption.

De Tracey turned from the ſight with horror, and requeſted *Gregory* to cover the remains he had expoſed, and return with him to the Caſtle. The latter complied, and in their way thither they conſulted together on the beſt method of breaking the matter to *Walter*; when they agreed to ſeparate before they arrived at the Caſtle, and that the baron ſhould inform his ſon cautiouſly of the affair, and by diligently obſerving his countenance, draw the fatal ſecret from him. This point ſettled, they ſeparated; and the baron reaching the Caſtle firſt, retired to his chamber, in order to collect himſelf againſt the family met at breakfaſt.

The breakfaſt hour at length arrived, and the baron went down rather more compoſed than when he firſt entered the Caſtle from his morning excurſion. He ſat down to table, and entered into converſation with *Walter* on indifferent ſubjects, 'till he at length introduced the ſtory of the haunted meadow, concluding it with a requeſt that he would accompany him on the enſuing evening to inquire into the truth of it. *Walter*, who with difficulty concealed his emotion, put it off with an evaſive anſwer, treating the ſtory his father had related as an idle rumour. This, however, did not ſatisfy *De Tracey*, who, in a ſtern and ſolemn manner, inſiſted on his complying with his requeſt, adding, that as they knew themſelves to be innocent, they had nothing to fear. The truth of this remark *Walter* readily acknowledged; but pretending to be affected with the baron's narration, he attempted to leave the room, hoping by that means to be enabled to give vent to the emotions which he laboured under; but *De Tracey*, now

partly confirmed in his opinion, called him back; and fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly on him, charged him with nightly viſiting the ſpot alluded to. At this accuſation *Walter* turned pale, and with a faltering voice demanded who duſt accuſe him of ſo vile a falſehood? "Name my accuſer," continued the wily wretch trembling with apprehenſion. "Myſelf!" replied the baron, ſternly. "Nay, ſeek not to aggravate a fact theſe eyes were witneſſes to, by an evaſive pretence to innocence," continued *De Tracey* almoſt choaked with his emotions. "It would be in vain. Go, and ſeek in ſolitude to appeaſe that wrath which thou haſt by thine enormities kindled in the boſom of thy Creator."

Walter left the room ſeemingly convicted, while in reality his boſom burned with hatred and revenge. He no ſooner found himſelf alone, than, dreading to be called to account for the abſence of his brother, he began to meditate on ſome means whereby he might avoid the diſgrace which awaited.—There was but one alternative—Nature ſhuddered at the idea, but there was no other remedy; and he conſented to the horrid dictates of his evil mind. To effect this, it was neceſſary to regain the confidence he had loſt; and with that view he wrote a penitential letter to the baron, in which he denied having any knowledge of the bodies, and aſſerted that the emotion which had cauſed him to be ſuſpected was no other than that occaſioned by the horror which he had conceived upon finding himſelf accuſed with ſo baſe a crime.

The too credulous *De Tracey*, moved with his ſon's letter, began to think he had wronged him, and immediately ſent a meſſenger to requeſt an interview; with whom the wily *Walter* returned, and by the aſſiſtance of a few well-diſſembled tears perfectly re-inſtated himſelf in his father's opinion. Emboldened by his ſucceſs, he in a ſhort time after ſolicited the hand of the fair *Adelaide* from his father, who at firſt expoſtulated with him; and at length, finding that his ſon ſtill perſiſted in renewing his requeſt, poſitively refuſed him, and at the ſame time charged him to drop the idea, on pain of his

diſpleaſure. Although ſtung to the quick, the diſappointed *Walter* bowed and left the room, pretending to be fully convinced of his error, but in reality reſolved to remove the obſtacles which preſented themſelves to his wiſhes the firſt opportunity. Not long after this, a report was ſpread through the Caſtle that the baron was taken ſuddenly ill, and no one was allowed to viſit him excepting *Loquedabra*, a black ſervant, who was in the intereſt of *Walter*. Even the gentle *Adelaide* was not permitted to viſit the chamber of *De Tracey*, leaſt, as it was pretended, the exceſs of her grief ſhould diſturb the tranquillity of his departing moments. At length one morning the artful hypocrite entered the ſervants hall, and with well diſſembled emotion informed the aſtoniſhed domeſtics that their maſter was no more, and that before he had expired he had, in the preſence of *Loquedabra*, declared him ſole heir to the large poſſeſſions he died poſſeſſed of, and had alſo appointed him guardian to the fair *Adelaide*. The attendants, moved with his pretended affliction, endeavoured to conſole him for his loſs, and at the ſame time adviſed him to return thanks to the great lord of the univerſe, for removing their deceaſed and much regretted maſter to a place where alone true happineſs in its moſt perfect ſtate is to be met with.

At length he began to be more compoſed, and gave orders for the funeral of his father; which took place the next day, when it was attended by the whole village, who watered the grave of departed benevolence with the blended tears of gratitude and affliction. In the mean time the exceſſive grief which had ſeized on the fair *Adelaide* threw her into a violent fever, which confined her to her apartment, and for ſeveral days raged with ſuch violence as to make her life deſpaired of; but youth, and an excellent conſtitution, at length gained the aſcendancy, and once more reſtored her to a life doomed to ſuſtain innumerable vexations; but nothing could equal the agonizing woe and aſtoniſhment which the venerable ſteward *Gregory* felt, who returned at this period from a diſtant part of the country, (where he had

been tranſacting buſineſs), on finding his beloved maſter gone. Unable to ſpeak, he retired to his chamber, which nothing could perſuade him to leave until the third day after his arrival, when he went to his new lord in order to give up the faithful accounts of his ſtewardſhip.

The new baron received him with the greateſt reſpect; and after many aſſurances of his eſteem, told him, that in conſequence of the friendſhip which had exiſted between him and his late father, he ſhould retain him in his former ſituation; and after making him an handſome preſent, gave him a couple of hundreds to diſtribute at his own diſcretion among ſuch of his tenantry as ſtood moſt in need of it, particularly to the late baron's penſioners, whom, he added, he ſhould always remember, in reverence to their patron.

Leiſure, and converſation with his fellow-domeſtics, ſoon rendered *Gregory* ſuſpicious of the profeſſions of his new lord, and ſuddenly a profound melancholy ſeized upon him, which, in ſpite of his endeavours to conceal it, grew manifeſt to every one. Frequently would he appear loſt in thought, and as often break out into incoherent ſentences, which none were capable of underſtanding but himſelf; and when any of the domeſtics innocently inquired into the meaning, he would put them off with ſaying it was a complaint hereditary in his family.

The perfidious *Walter*, who but a ſhort time previous to his father's death had thought an union with *Adelaide* the greateſt happineſs he could attain to, now, when he was no longer awed by a parental monitor, and had ſettled the poſſeſſion of the eſtate in ſecurity on himſelf, gave a looſe to thoſe paſſions which with all his hypocriſy he had with much difficulty hitherto ſuppreſſed. Accordingly, one morning, he entered the room of the fair *Adelaide*, who was ſcarcely recovered from her late illneſs; when, after requeſting her woman to withdraw, he preferred his ſuit with all the rude effrontery of a profeſſed libertine. In vain the gentle *Adelaide* ventured to expoſtulate with him on the ſtrangeneſs of his beha-

viour; he remained inflexible; and finding all entreaty vain, ſeized the trembling maid with a view of gaining that by violence which he could not obtain by perſuaſion. At this inſtant an hollow groan was heard, and the ſhade of the deceaſed baron appeared before them with a frown. Petrified with horror, the guilty tyrant let go his hold of *Adelaide*, who uttered a loud ſcream, and fell on the ground in a ſtate of inſenſibility. "Wretch!" cried the ſhade, "think on the horrid crime thou haſt committed. Repent of the paſt, and attempt not to add another to the great account thou haſt to ſettle with an offended deity." Saying theſe words, it paſſed on ſlowly through a door that led to the outer court of the caſtle, while *Walter*, conſcious of the enormities he had been guilty of, left the apartment in a ſtate of mind that was eaſier to be imagined than deſcribed. At this moment her attendant entered the room, and by her kind aſſiduity at length ſucceeded in recovering her lady from the violent affliction which the brutality of the licentious baron had thrown her into.

In the mean time, *Walter*, perceiving that the ſtrength of *Adelaide* was not ſufficiently recovered to ſtand the attack he meditated againſt her, reſolved to wait a few weeks, in hopes that her health would recover its priſtine vigour; but in this point his expectation proved abortive, for her fears added additional fuel to her diſtemper, and the fair *Adelaide* grew, if poſſible, worſe than before.

At length one evening, heated with wine, and his patience exhauſted, *Walter* broke into the apartment of his trembling ward, and in an imperious tone demanded if ſhe was diſpoſed to accede to the propoſals he had made her on his former viſit? The fair mourner, in a voice rendered tremulous by weakneſs and affright, entreated him not to add brutality to the power which the death of his father had given him over her, nor to perplex her with a paſſion againſt which he knew her reſolution to be fixed and determinate; but all her entreaties proved in vain, while her perfidious perſecutor uttered the moſt licentious expreſſions, in order to offend that chaſtity which he was determined to violate. En-

raged at his behaviour, the injured maid repulſed him with firmneſs, at the ſame time upbraiding him with the ungenerous uſe he made of the power which fate had given him; but 'twas now too late; the ruthleſs baron had broken down the fence of diſſimulation; and knowing the point of view he ſtood in before her, paid no attention to her remonſtrances, but was about to effect the horrid purpoſe he had reſolved, when her ſcreams alarmed her attendants, who, flying to her aid, would have entered the chamber, had not the baron, whoſe fury knew no bounds, ſprang to the door, and drawing his dagger, vowed with horrid imprecations to plunge it in the boſom of the firſt who entered.

He no ſooner found them to be intimidated with his threat, than he again ſeized the trembling *Adelaide*, with the impious intent of deſpoiling the greateſt model of perfection that ever came from the hand of nature; but gathering courage from the freſh accumulation of danger which hovered round her, ſhe ſnatched the dagger from his graſp; and preſenting the point toward him, while her eyes glowed with virtuous reſentment, exclaimed "Monſter! the ſpirit of thy deceaſed father my much regretted patron, arms me with renewed reſolution, and directs the arm now levelled at thy breaſt."

The awful and determined manner with which ſhe pronounced theſe words ſtruck with horror the boſom of the guilty *Walter*. His whole frame became agitated; and, unable to ſpeak, he quitted his hold; then darting a look of furious reſentment at his injured ward, retreated, and pulled the door after him with great violence, leaving *Adelaide* at leiſure to reflect on the injuries ſhe had ſuſtained—a reflection rendered ſtill more poignant by the dreadful alternative ſhe was reduced to, either to ſubmit to the baſe deſires of an abandoned wretch, or throw herſelf on the clemency of ſtrangers in a place where ſhe was not acquainted with a ſingle perſon or the ſmalleſt means of obtaining ſubſiſtence. Driven to diſpair, ſhe upbraided heaven for having loaded her with misfortunes that were grown almoſt too ſevere to be endured; and in this train of reflection ſhe ſpent the remaining part of the day.

The rays of the ſun decorated the ſummits of the diſtant mountains, and ſober twilight began to give an ombre ſhade to the ſurrounding landſcape when, abſorbed in melancholy reflection on the paſt, *Gregory* ſeated himſelf in an arbour belonging to the garden, in order to indulge his ſorrows unobſerved, and weep in ſolitude. He, however, was at length interrupted by the arrival of *Adam* (an old and favourite ſervant of the late baron), who ſeating himſelf by the former, in an eager tone inquired if he was poſſeſſed of ſufficient fortitude to be entruſted with a ſecret at once both awful and important? and upon being anſwered in the affirmative by *Gregory*, proceeded to inform him, that having on the preceding night ſat up ſomething later than he was wont to do, he was interrupted in his prayers by a loud and hollow groan, which ſeemed to proceed from a paſſage that led from his chamber to an adjacent gallery. "At firſt," continued *Adam*, "I thought I had been deceived; but a ſecond groan ſtill louder than the former, ſerved to convince me of the reality of the firſt; upon which I called out, who's there? and receiving no anſwer, I again, in a ſterner manner, repeated my queſtion, but to as little purpoſe as before. I therefore renewed my prayers to Heaven, but was ſoon interrupted by a groan that ſeemed much nearer to me than before; upon which I aroſe from my prayers, with the intention of diſcovering the myſterious cauſe of the diſmal ſounds I had juſt heard; but, O heavens! gueſs the aſtoniſhment and terror which ſeized me, when upon opening the door I diſcovered the ſpirit of the late baron our honored maſter ſtanding at the entrance of the painted gallery."—"Then you know the fatal ſecret," interrupted *Gregory* haſtily.---"Ah! would to heaven I did," re-plied *Adam*, "but ſpeak," continued he; "your looks alarm me. If thou knoweſt ought reſpecting the honored ſhade that nightly viſits theſe once bleſſed domains, take me to your confidence. I have grown grey in his ſervice, and revere his memory." The earneſtneſs of his manner impreſſed *Gregory* in his favour; and after dropping a few diſtant hints, he promiſed to meet him in his chamber at the hour of twelve;

which they had no ſooner agreed on, than they ſeparated, and repaired by different ways to the Caſtle.

The appointed hour of meeting was anxiouſly waited for by *Adam*, who began to think that the myſtic hour of twelve would never return. The caſtle-clock however at length announced its arrival, and a diſtant footſtep ſounded along the paſſage; while the timid *Adam*, dreading the re-appearance of the ſpectre, ſcarcely dared to raiſe his head upon the entrance of his friend. After ſome time ſpent in regaining his breath, and recovering *Adam* from the tremor he had given way to, the venerable ſteward (*Gregory*) commenced his narration from the firſt introduction of his father into the *Tracey* family, as ſteward to the father of the deceaſed baron, and had proceeded as far as his own entering into the family, and from thence down to the death of the late baron, when they were interrupted by a violent knocking at the door of their apartment. Amazement for ſome time rivetted them to the ground; a ſecond rally however rouſed them from their ſtupor; and upon opening the door, *Loquedabra* ruſhed into the chamber almoſt dead with affright; who, as ſoon as he was a little recovered, entreated them to follow him to his maſter's chamber, as, from the exceſſes the latter committed in his ſleep, he was unable to ſtay in the room with him. To this they readilly acquieſced; and upon their arrival at the chamber-door of *Walter*, they ſtopt ſhort to obſerve him. He had riſen from his bed, and was ſtanding in a poſture of aſtoniſhment, while he uttered ſuch exclamations as ſufficiently diſplayed the perturbations of his guilty breaſt. Unable to bear the ſcene before them, the three domeſtics immediately entered the chamber, and with much difficulty rouſed the tortured ſleeper from his reverie, who recovering in ſome meaſure his ſcattered ſenſes, endeavoured to conceal his emotion, and at the ſame time as he thanked them for their kindneſs, told them 'twas only the effect of a diſtempered fancy, and charged them to retire to their reſpective chambers; and then forcing them from his preſence, ſhut the door.

The ſtrangeneſs of his manner however induced them

to ſtop and liſten; when, after ſome time ſpent in exclamations of the deepeſt anguiſh and contrition, which they diſtinctly heard, the tortured parricide ceaſed.—He heaved a far-fetched ſigh; he ſlept; the domeſtics then retired, *Loquedabra* to an adjacent chamber, and the two friends to the one they had quitted; where, after they had found all quiet, *Gregory* proceeded to inform *Adam*, that ſeveral evenings, while taking his uſual walk through the extenſive apartments of the Caſtle in order to ſee that all was ſafe, he had frequently ſeen a ſpectre bearing the form of their departed lord paſs him, and go into the hall of preſence; which he imputed at firſt to the dictates of a diſtempered brain; but that on finding it punctual in its appearance at a ſtated hour, he became convinced of its reality; and in conſequence of a reſolution he had taken, a night or two after addreſſed it with that degree of reſpect which was due to the perſon it repreſented. The ſpectre ſmiled benignantly," continued *Gregory*, "and anſwered my queſtion to the beſt of my remembrance nearly as follows:

"Mortal! behold in me DE TRACEY's ſhade,
Forc'd nightly thus to viſit the dark glade;
Until, devoid of fear, ſome one ſhould dare
To ſay, whence com'ſt thou? Speak! The cauſe declare.
Thou, thou haſt done ſo, and therefore ſhall know
The fatal ſecret. He who dealt the blow,
Was thy new lord; but, hold! I ſcent the day:
The cock proclaims it, and I muſt away.
Grieve not, old friend, nor be for me diſtreſt:
Until this hour returns, my ſhade's at reſt.
Farewell! If of my fate thou would know more,
The weſtern Tower's low vault thou muſt explore."

"Thus ſaid the venerable ſhade (continued *Gregory*); and diſſolving as it ſpoke, vaniſhed from my ſight. It was ſome time before I could recover from the confuſion this dreadful ſecret had created in my breaſt; but I was no ſooner recovered than, impelled by curioſity, I bent my ſteps toward the cavern mentioned by the ſpectre; where upon my arrival, I entered with a degree of reſolution that I ſhould not have been maſter of at another time; and after ſome time ſpent in groping along the dreary receſs, frequently up to my knees in water, I came at laſt to a door ſtrongly bar-

ricaded, which with much difficulty I ſucceeded in breaking open; when, to my infinite horror, I diſcovered in a cheſt which ſtood open, the mangled remains of our murdered maſter. Shocked at a ſight ſo truly awful, I could hardly prevent myſelf from falling to the ground. I however no ſooner recovered from my fright than, after venting a thouſand exclamations againſt the vile perpetrator of this horrid deed, I ſhut-to the cheſt, and left the cavern, revolving in my mind what method I ſhould purſue ſo as to enable me to remove the remains of my honored maſter, and place them in conſecrated ground. Now, that point is ſettled. Thou revereſt his memory; and with thy aſſiſtance I ſhall be enabled to complete a taſk which long has hung heavy on my mind." Here *Gregory* ended his narration; and *Adam* acquieſcing to his propoſal, they, after appointing to meet on the enſuing evening at the cavern, retired to their reſpective chambers to ſpend the few remaining hours in calm repoſe.

The ſun had ſcarcely diſpelled the miſt which is frequently to be ſeen toward the end of Autumn in this iſland in a morning, before the whole Caſtle became a ſcene of uproar. The lady *Adelaide* was no where to be found, and the enraged baron ſent his emiſſaries out in queſt of her, charging them never to return unleſs they ſucceeded in finding the fair fugitive. The venerable ſteward was one of the foremoſt to offer himſelf on this ſervice, which he did with the hopes of being enabled to inform *Adelaide* of the danger ſhe was in, and to aſſiſt in placing her out of the tyrant's power. He no ſooner obtained the baron's conſent, than he ſet out in queſt of his young lady. After four days ſpent in fruitleſs reſearches, he, on the evening of the fifth, being greatly fatigued, ſat down on a bank to reſt himſelf, when his ears were ſuddenly aſſailed by the claſhing of ſwords near him; and upon turning his head he perceived a ſtranger in a *Turkiſh* dreſs defending himſelf againſt two ruffians who ſought to murder him. He immediately flew to his aſſiſtance, which the villains no ſooner perceived than they made off with the greateſt precipitation, while the ſtranger caſting his eyes on

Gregory, gave a loud cry, and fell at his feet. The humane ſteward imagining his fainting to proceed from ſome wound which he had received in the conteſt, raiſed him from the ground with the greateſt tenderneſs, and with ſome difficulty ſucceeded in reſtoring him to his ſenſes; but what was his aſtoniſhment when he recognized in the features of the ſtranger thoſe of his young maſter the long-loſt *Edmund!*—They ruſhed into each others arms; and as ſoon as their emotions were in ſome meaſure ſubſided, *Edmund*, having firſt made *Gregory* ſit down on the bank beſide him, proceeded to inform him that on the evening preceding the appointed morning of his union with *Adelaide*, he had, while taking his accuſtomed walk, been ſeized by a band of ruffians, who forced him on board a corſair trading to *Algiers*, which immediately ſet ſail for its deſtined port; where, upon his arrival, he learnt from his ſavage maſter that he was, through the perfidy of his brother, ſold to perpetual ſlavery. He alſo told the ſteward he had ſent ſeveral letters to his father, but without ever receiving any anſwer; and that after having ſpent many years in a life of miſerable anxiety, he had been ſo fortunate as to make his eſcape,

At this moment *Walter*, who in his purſuit after *Adelaide* had arrived at the ſpot where they were ſeated, and overheard the whole diſcourſe, ruſhed on his brother with his poignard drawn, and would have plunged it in his breaſt had not the faithful ſteward, who ſaw his purpoſe, daſhed it from his hand. The two brothers then drew; and after a long and furious conteſt, the guilty parricide fell to the ground, and with his laſt breath made a full confeſſion of his perfidy both to his brother and the injured *Adelaide*; and at the ſame time confeſſed that he had, with his ſable confidant *Loquedabra*, entered the chamber of his father at midnight, and murdered him in his ſleep. It was with the utmoſt horror and emotion that *Edmund* (who until that moment was ignorant of his father's murder) heard the latter part of his brother's confeſſion, who expired as ſoon as he had made it. In ſhort, the ſhock which it gave to the ſpirits of *Edmund* was ſo great, that it was with the utmoſt

difficulty the honeſt ſteward ſucceeded in conveying him to an adjacent convent; where, after they had taken a little refreſhment, they found, to their infinite ſurpriſe, that *Adelaide* had ſought an aſylum under the ſame roof from the fury of *Walter*; and that ſhe had alſo met with her mother; who having incurred the diſpleaſure of the chevalier *de Hauteur* her brother, for marrying one beneath her in point of fortune, he had firſt murdered her huſband; and then, in order to wipe away the ſtain on his family, had forced her on board a veſſel, intending to remove her to a diſtant eſtate of his, to ſpend the remainder of her life in captivity; while he inhumanly placed her infant in a cheſt, in order to commit it to the mercileſs waves; but that being ſhipwrecked near the caſtle of the late baron, ſhe had eſcaped unhurt, and ſpent the reſidue of her life in that convent, until her late unexpected meeting with her daughter; for whoſe preſervation ſhe offered unfeigned thanks to heaven, while ſhe implored mercy for her brother the deceaſed chevalier, of whoſe fate ſhe had been till then ignorant. They no ſooner learnt this, than *Gregory* was diſpatched to prepare *Adelaide* for a viſit from her lover; which having done with the greateſt precaution, the enraptured *Edmund* was permitted to viſit her at the grate, when a ſcene took place that was at once both intereſting and affecting; and in a few days after, the bodies of the murdered baron and his perfidious ſon having been firſt interred in the family chapel, and their own nuptials ſolemnized, the illuſtrious pair returned to *Tracey Caſtle*, where humanity and benevolence once more prevailed; which the two domeſtics, *Gregory* and *Adam*, lived to enjoy to an advanced age, bleſſed with the friendſhip and confidence of the noble baron and baroneſs *De Tracey*; while, upon recollecting the awful occurrences of the paſt, they became convinced, that although the guilty may triumph for a time, the hour of retribution, though ſlow, is certain.

FINIS.

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